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TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED DU-VALL:

A Pindarick Ode.

By the Author of *Hudibras*.

LONDON:

Printed for *H. Brome*, at the Gun in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, at the West-end. 1671.

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TO THE

MEMORY

Of the most Renowned

DU-VALL:

A Pindarick Ode.

I.

'TIS true, to complement the dead,
Is as impertinent and vain
As 'twas of old to call them back again;
Or like the *Tartars* give them Wives,

With ſetlement for after-lives.
For all that can be done, or ſaid,
Though e're ſo noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor underſtood.
All our fine ſleights and tricks of Art,
Firſt to create, and then adore deſert;
And thoſe Romances which we frame,
To raiſe our ſelves, not them a name;
In vain are ſtuft with ranting flatteries,
And ſuch as if they knevv they vvould deſpiſe.
For as thoſe times the golden Age vve call,
In vvhich there vvas no Gold at all:
So vve plant glory and renovvn,
Where it vvas ne're deſerv'd nor knovvn;
But to vvorſe purpoſe many times
To flouriſh o're nefarious Crimes;
And cheat the vvorld that never ſeems to mind
Hovv good or bad men dye, but vvhat they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave *Du-Vall*, vvhoſe name
Can never be vvorn out by fame,
That liv'd and dy'd, to leave behind
A great example to mankind;
That fell a publick Sacrifice
From ruine to preſerve thoſe fevv,
Who though born falſe, may be made true;
And teach the vvorld to be more juſt and vviſe;
Ought not like vulgar aſhes reſt
Unmention'd in his ſilent Cheſt;
Not for his ovvn but publick intereſt.
He like a pious man ſome years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live,
To his laſt minute a preparative.
Taught the vvild *Arabs* on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;

Take prizes more obligingly, than thoſe
Who never had been bred *Filous*:
And hovv to hang in a more graceful faſhion
Than e're vvas knovvn before to the dull Engliſh Nation.

III.

In *France* the ſtaple of nevv Modes
Where Garbs and Meenes are currant goods,
That ſerves the ruder Northern Nations,
With methods of addreſs and treat,
Preſcribes nevv Garnitures and Faſhions;
And hovv to drink, and hovv to eat,
No out-of-faſhion'd Wine or Meat;
To underſtand Cravats and Plumes,
And the moſt modiſh from the old Perfumes;
To knovv the Age and Pedigrees
Of Points of *Flanders*, or *Venice*:
Caſt their Nativities, and to a day,
Foretel hovv long they'l hold, and vvhen decay.

T'af-

T' affect the pureſt negligences,
In Geſtures, Gates, and Meenes,
And ſpeak by Repartee-Rotins,
Out of the moſt authentick of Romances:
And to demonſtrate vvith ſubſtantial reaſon,
What Ribbands all the year are in or out of ſeaſon.

IV.

In this great Academy of mankind
He had his Birth and Education,
Where all men are s'ingeniouſly enclin'd
They underſtand by imitation;
Improve untaught before they are avvare,
As if they ſuckt their breeding from the Air.
That naturally does diſpence
To all a deep and ſolid confidence:
A virtue of that precious uſe,
That he vvhom bounteous Heaven endues
But vvith a moderate ſhare of it,

Can

Can vvant no Worth, Abilities, or Wit.
In all the deep Hermetick Arts,
(For ſo of late the Learned call
All tricks if ſtrange and myſtical)
He had improv'd his natural parts;
And vvith his Magick Rod could ſound,
Where hidden treaſure may be found.
He like a Lord o'th' Mannor ſeiz'd upon
Whatever happened in his vvay,
As lavvful Weft and ſtray:
And after by the cuſtom kept it as his ovvn.

V.

From the firſt Rudiments he grevv
To noble Feats, and try'd his force,
Upon vvhole Troops of Foot and Horſe,
Whom he as bravely did ſubdue:
Declar'd all Caravans that go,
Upon the Kings High-vvay the foe:

Made

Made many desperate attaques
Upon itinerant Brigades
Of all Professions, Ranks, and Trades;
On Carriers Loads, and Pedlars Packs:
Made them lay down their Arms and yield;
And to the smallest piece restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before;
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the Field.
In every bold affair of War,
He had the chief command and led them on:
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others lives, until h'has made it known,
How much he doth despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole Provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun
Have by his Conquering Sword been won:
And mighty sums of money laid
For ransom upon every man;

And Hoſtages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
The Exciſe and Chimney-Publicans,
The Jevv-Foreſtaller and Inhancer,
To him for all their Crimes did anſwer:
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce, and foll
Of all his foes, the Conſtable;
That oft had beat his Quarters up,
And routed him and all his Troop.
He took the dreadful Lawyers Fees,
That in his ovvn allovv'd High-vvay
Does feats of Arms as great as his,
And vvhen th' encounter in it vvin the day,
Safe in his Garriſon the Court,
Where meaner Criminals are ſentenc'd for't:
To this ſtern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the *Scotch-man* did to a *Tartar*,
That he in time to come
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII. He

VII.

He would have ſtarv'd this mighty Tovvn,
And brought its haughty ſpirit dovvn;
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And like a vviſe and valiant Thief,
Made many a fierce aſſault
Upon all Ammunition Carts;
And theſe that bring up Cheeſe and Mault,
Or Bacon from remoter parts:
No Convoy e're ſo ſtrong vvith food,
Durſt venture on the deſperate Road;
He made the undaunted Waggoners obey,
And the fierce Higlers Contribution pay:
The ſavage Butcher, and ſtout Drover,
Durſt not to him their feeble Troops diſcover.
And if he had but kept the Field,
In time had made the City yield;
For great Tovvns (like to Crocadiles) are found
I'th' belly apteſt to receive a vvound.

VIII.

But vvhen the fatal hour arriv'd,
In vvhich his Stars began to frovvn,
And had in cloſe Cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory dovvn;
And he by numerous foes oppreſt,
Was in the inchanted Dungeon caſt;
Secur'd vvith mighty Guards,
Leſt he by force or ſtratagem
Might prove too cunning for their Chains and them,
And break through all their Locks, and Bolts, and Wards;
Had both his legs by Charms committed
To one anothers charge;
That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their fury and revenge out-vvitted.
As Jevvels of high value are
Kept under lock vvith greater care,
Then thoſe of meaner rates;
So he was in Stone-walls, and ponderous Chains, and iron (Grates.

Thither came Ladies from all parts,
To offer up those prisoners hearts,
Which he received as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too:
But in more brave Heroick ways
Than e're were practis'd yet in Plays;
For those two fightful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests and piques
About punctilio's and meer tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit
And far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him agree,
Both fully satisfied: the one
With those fresh Laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in Arms;
The other with his person and his Charms:

For just as Larks are catch'd in Nets,
By gazing on a piece of glass;
So while the Ladies view'd his brighter eyes
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas, were taken by surprize.

Never did bold Knight to relieve
Distressed Dames, such dreadful feats atchieve,
As feeble Damsels for his sake,
Wou'd have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The worlds loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him.
But finding all their hopes in vain,
To move his fixt determin'd fate
They life it self began to hate,
And all the world besides disdain.

Made loud appeals and moans
To leſs hard-hearted Grates and Stones;
Came ſvvell'd in ſighs and drovvn'd in tears,
To yield themſelves his fellovv-ſufferers:
And followv'd him like Priſoners of War
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his Triumphant Carr.

FINIS.